

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

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[NO. XXXI.]

THE HISTORY OF ADRASTUS AND CAMILLA.

CAMILLA, the daughter of a merchant, whose wealth was but inconsiderable, had beauty sufficient to attract the attention of a young gentleman of family and rank, whose real name we shall beg leave to conceal under that of Adrastus. He soon found means to procure access to his mistress, concealing his quality from her father, to prevent him from entertaining any suspicion of his intention. He succeeded so well in his design upon Camilla, that she became perfectly enamoured of him; and indeed his person and qualifications were such as might well justify her passion for him. When he saw himself possessed of her heart, he proposed a private marriage to her, telling her that he could not hope for his father's consent; but as he was of a very advanced age it might be concealed during his life; and when once he was his own master he would cause it to be solemnized publicly. The inexperienced Camilla too rashly consented, and accordingly they were married.

The ceremony being over, Camilla was easily prevailed on by her lover to go over with him to Ireland. There they lived for about a twelvemonth, without any visible abatement appearing in the affection of Adrastus, which, on the contrary, seemed to increase upon Camilla's being delivered of a daughter. Her happiness, however, did not last long. Adrastus, who was no novice in love intrigues, grew weary of her before the second year was expired, and went over to England, telling her, that business of importance required his absence for a short time; but he would dispatch it as soon as possible, and return to his Camilla upon the wings of love.

Camilla, at first bore his absence with resignation, still comforting herself with the hopes of his speedy return: but when she found that it greatly exceeded the time he had mentioned to her, she was terribly alarmed. She did not, however, immediately call his fidelity in question: concern for his safety was the source of all her trouble. She wrote several letters to him, and having received no answer, concluded

that some accident had happened to him, and therefore set out for England, not being able to live in such a cruel state of suspense. Upon her arrival she made strict enquiry after Adrastus, of whose treachery she soon received too full a proof. He went even so far as to deny that she was his wife. Camilla, notwithstanding this injurious treatment, at first endeavoured to recover his lost affection by tender and submissive remonstrances; but when she received information that he had engaged in an amour with a French lady of great beauty, and was gone with her to Paris, her love was converted into rage and resentment, and she instantly formed a resolution to revenge herself upon her base betrayer in the attempt.

In order to put this design into execution, she thought it advisable to disguise her sex; and, having left her daughter to the care of a friend, in whom she could confide, embarked for France as a gentleman on his travels, and soon arrived at Paris. She immediately took lodgings in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and made it her business to frequent all the public houses which were used by English gentlemen; but notwithstanding all her diligence in enquiring, she could obtain no intelligence of Adrastus during eight months residence at Paris. She then began to despair of meeting with him, and concluding that he had gone somewhere else, resolved to quit Paris and return to England. The same night, happening to pass through an obscure lane, she heard the clash of swords, and by the moon light could perceive one man, who, with much difficulty, defended himself against two. Her disappointment in love had made her indifferent about life, and supplied the place of courage—a virtue not common in her sex. She immediately attacked and wounded one of the assailants: whereupon he betook himself to flight; and his companion, seeing he had now two to encounter, quickly followed him. Camilla, perceiving that the person she had rescued was grown altogether weak by loss of blood, and that his wounds were dangerous, caused him to be carried to a neighbouring hotel, and put to bed. She

then sent for a surgeon, who, having examined his wounds, declared that they were mortal, and that he did not apprehend he had three days to live. The wounded gentleman, as soon as he was in some measure come to himself, desired to see his benefactor, who waited on him accordingly: but how great was their mutual surprise, when Camilla discovered in the person she had so generously defended the false Adrastus, by whom she had been abandoned! whilst he in her again beheld his injured wife! the agitations which this unexpected interview threw him into were succeeded by a flood of tears: a thousand times he asked her forgiveness; and she, seeing her once loved husband in such a state, felt her resentment subside, and all her tenderness return. She assured him of her constant love, and never once upbraided him for what was past. Their succeeding interviews were equally tender and affecting; but Adrastus, being apprized of his condition by the surgeon, made his will: by which he settled a considerable estate that had lately been left him by his father upon Camilla, and dying about three days afterwards, left her inconsolable for his loss. She therefore returned to England, where she ever after lived a retired life, and the superintendence of her daughter's education was her only care and consolation.

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Concluded from our last.)

"THE person of Chatterton, like his genius, was premature; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing; when he was warmed in argument, they sparkled with fire, and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other."

That to prove the authenticity, or the fabrication of Rowley's poems, is of considerable importance to the fame of Chatterton, may be argued from the very eminent writers who, on this occasion, covered the field of disputation. The father of Chatterton, for some time master of the free-school at Bristol, had, as hath been already stated, covered the bibles belonging to the boys under his care, with several pieces of parchment; some of which are allowed to have contained a part of the poems in question; this led young Chatterton to an acquaintance with them. Of the existence of Canynge, there can be no doubt, it having been proved from the records of the city of Bristol: and it is equally certain that a chest, denominated Canynge's Cofre, containing deeds and other writings, was consigned to the care of the church-wardens of Redcliffe church. "Perrot, the old sexton, who succeeded Chatterton's great uncle, took Mr. Shiercliffe, a miniature painter, of Bristol, as early as the year 1749, through Redcliffe Church; he shewed him in the north porch a number of parchments, some loose and some tied up, and intimated, "that there were things there, which would one day be better known, and that, in proper hands, they might prove a treasure." Many of the manuscripts in Mr. Barrett's hands bear all the marks of age, and are signed by Rowley himself. The characters, in each instance, appear to be similar, and the hand-writing the same in all." Even the identical existence of the poet Rowley, is far from conjectural. In the register of the Diocese of Wells, there are two persons of the name of Thomas Rowley, contemporaries with Canynge, mentioned as admitted into Holy Orders, one of whom might be the author of the poems.

To an objection, why these poems were not left to a literary society, rather than to the custody of parish officers, the reply is obvious. Rowley, granting his being, was an unambitious though a wonderful genius; most probably the intimate friend of Canynge; and dying before his friend, left him the productions of his pen. Neither the deviation in point of language from the then contended usage of the times, nor the obscurity of the productions, oppose these ideas. Chatterton, it is known, where he could not trace the original words of the different poems, substituted others of his own invention, by the aid of old dictionaries, and the judgment he entertained of the connection of the piece; which naturally accounts for the strange admixture of novel and obsolete terms to be found in the poems of Rowley. And, in the fifteenth century,

when printing was hardly resorted to, it is not surprizing that poems, known only to a few friends, should have escaped public observation. The writings of Occleve, who is supposed to have lived about the time of Rowley, and who has very lately come into notice, highly favour this conjecture.

From the first disclosure of Rowley's poems, to the day of his own decease, Chatterton constantly declared that he had copied and published them from the ancient manuscript he had found; and is not this a strong presumption that he was not the author of them? A presumption, confirmed by his acknowledged productions being greatly inferior to any thing which he avowed as Rowley's.

As soon as he had discovered the parchments, he told his mother; "that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." And Mrs. Newton, his sister, being asked, if she remembers his having mentioned Rowley's poems, after the discovery of the parchments, says, "that he was perpetually talking on that subject." Let us also recollect that remarkable passage in his letter to his mother, May 14th, 1770, "had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Briftowyan, I could have lived by copying his works:"—yet he exhibited nothing of Rowley's after this period! and, if Chatterton were Rowley, how can this declaration be reconciled with his neglect?

So far from having felt any prejudice against Chatterton, we began this inquiry with a bias in his favour. We have thought for ourselves; and we wish every one to do the same. It may, however, be proper to declare, that we have not brought Chatterton forward, with the least design of reviving the spirit of controversy, but with a hope to ascertain the truth, and an earnest desire to vindicate his *real* genius.

Though we do not believe Chatterton to have been the author of Rowley's poems, and, though this belief admitted, may tend to unhinge his fame, yet independent of them, we think him entitled to immortality.

In a boy of twelve years old, to burn with the fire, and to rescue from destruction, the compositions of Rowley, evinced uncommon abilities. Accompanied with Rowley's manuscripts, he would frequently walk in Redcliffe meadows: and there was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then, on a sudden and abrupt-

ly, says Mr. Smith, he would tell me, "that steeple was burnt down by lightning: that was the place where they formerly acted plays."—Who of sensibility does not discern, in this portrait, the grand features of the bard? Poor Chatterton was

....."no vulgar boy;

Deep thoughts oft seemed to fix his infant eye.

Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy!
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why,

The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad."

Remembering the narrowness of his education, the age at which he commenced his literary career, that he wanted some months of eighteen years, when he finished his mournful existence, and that he has left one published, and more than another unpublished volume of his works, what might he not have effected, had he met that encouragement which he so ardently sought! Here are two specimens of his talents:

DESCRIPTIVE.

FROM AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS PHILIPS, OF FAIRFORD.

"PALE, ragged winter bending o'er his head
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.
His train a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen,
and loud,

Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

"Now as the mantle of the evening swells,
Upon my mind I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm by friendship's potent spells,

The soul of Philips from the deathly tomb!"

SATIRICAL.

FROM A POEM ON HAPPINESS.

"PULVIS, whose knowledge centres in degrees,

Is never happy but when taking fees:
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a *fossile* face.
Mould'ring in dust, the fair Lavina lies,
Death and our doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes,

O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep strike him dead!"

Satire, indeed, (which is one important argument against his being the author of Rowley's poems) was Chatterton's most favourite and successful line; of this, any one will be convinced who shall

peruse his miscellanies. Notwithstanding, the example of Chatterton's descriptive powers, above cited, may tend to confirm what we have already hinted respecting the alterations, interpolations, and additions, which he introduced into Rowley's pieces. Parchment which had been used as a covering for school-books, and damaged in a variety of ways, must have required many efforts to restore the original traces of the writings it contained. He appears to have mostly supplied those deficiencies. Therefore there can be little doubt, (there is none in our minds) that several passages, defaced in the pages of Rowley, were wholly restored by the inventive soul of Chatterton. Thus, his fame is so interleaved with the deathless effusions of his master, that with the name of Rowley, we breathe the remembrance of Chatterton.

His prose is sufficiently correct for, and far more animated than, the usual style of periodical writers. His letters, in point of composition, may make some greater letter-writers blush at their pedantic correspondence; and, in feeling and sincerity, they are not exceeded by any. It is in them we recognize his true dispositions. And they are an honourable testimony to their unfortunate author. The ingenuous youth, little thought that his undissembled temper would one day expose him to the reproaches of shame: but what will not malice perform? Shall a boy, removed many miles, for the first time, from his native city, be esteemed licentious and debauched, because, when writing to his mother, he desires to be remembered to a number of females in the list of their mutual acquaintance, and accompanies that desire with some facetious sallies of a lively imagination? Such a comment has been made on the letters of Chatterton!

On surveying the exertions of this extraordinary genius, we ask, with astonishment: and these, by one who never completed his eighteenth year? While at the recollection of his dreadful fate, we cannot but exclaim with the most painful emphasis, *O tempora, O mores!*

ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

[From Hayley's Essay on Epic Poetry.]

If changing times suggest the pleasing hope,
That bards no more with adverse fortune cope!
That in this alter'd clime, where arts increase,
And make our polish'd Isle a second Greece;
That now, if poesy proclaims her son,
And challenges the wreath by fancy won;
Both fame and wealth adopt him as their heir,

And liberal grandeur makes his life her care;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,

And look on Chatterton's disastrous end.
Oh, ill-starr'd youth, whom nature form'd
in vain,

With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign!

O dread example of what pangs await
Young genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the muse, who fir'd thy infant frame

With the rich promise of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of critic pride:
What could her unavailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes;
From pressing want's calamitous controul,
And pride, the fever of the ardent soul?

Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her nursling in his dreadful hour!
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to misery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,

On the bare floor, with heav'n directed eyes,
The hapless youth in speechless horror lies!
The poisonous phial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd:

Pale with life-wasting pangs, its dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,

He, in abhorrence of the dangerous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain detested wires,
And in the phrenzy of despair expires!

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVIII.

MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

"I, who e're while, the happy garden sung
"By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
"Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
"By one man's firm obedience fully tried
"Through all temptation, and the temper foil'd,

"In all his wiles defeated and repuls'd
"And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness."
MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

To the same comprehensive genius are the public indebted for *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The productions differ widely from each other; both, however, display an ability which commands our admiration. The mind of Milton was an extraordinary mind. It exerted itself in every direction, and thus raised its possessor in an eminent degree above the common herd of mortals.

Having already examined *Paradise Lost*, we proceed to the consideration of its counterpart, from which it ought not to be separated.

PARADISE REGAINED, has for its subject, the victory of the Son of God over the Tempter in the Wilderness. Hence, in some respects, it may be termed a *poetical detail* of that remarkable scene of probation. The poet, indeed, has taken liberties with his theme, nor can his departure from the facts of history be censured. It was his intention to impress the reader's imagination with the solemnity and importance of the subject. In this poem we do not meet with that variety of incident, and those flights of fancy, which enchain and astonish the attention. Unlike in this respect to *Paradise Lost*, it is conducted with greater sobriety, and every part seems drawn up for the instruction more than for the delight of the reader. The elevation and depression of angels, the counsels of heaven, and the designs of hell, are not delineated with that boldness of imagery which distinguished his former poem. The scenes in *Paradise Regained*, are chiefly confined to this world, therefore an extensive range is excluded, the mind is more confined, and the effect of course less impressive. The whole consists of dialogues between Satan and the Messiah, the sentiments are appropriate, the language simple, and the tendency serious and instructive. It is divided into *four* books, each of which contains about *five hundred* lines. No one can complain of the length to which it is extended; it certainly possesses the merit of brevity.

It is now the general opinion of the critics, that *Paradise Regained*, is not sufficiently estimated. Inferior, indeed, it must be pronounced to *Paradise Lost*; but it is not on this account to be depreciated. The precepts inculcated in the respective speeches of Satan and the Messiah, are highly interesting, and shew that Milton had no scanty, superficial acquaintance with the human heart. He had studied mankind successfully, and marked with a discriminating eye the virtues and the vices by which they are distinguished. Over the wide and extended map of human nature he had pored for many an hour with studious intensesness. The larger and the lesser lines, the greater and the more minute departments, were by him thoroughly understood. In his capacious mind stores of knowledge were treasured up, drawn from every corner of the universe. It was not, therefore, to be expected that such a man should be unacquainted with that very species of beings of which he was at once both the pride and the glory!

As the poem of *Paradise Lost* is in ge-

neral too much neglected, we shall take the liberty of introducing passages of some length, in order to aid the reader in the formation of his opinion. If we are not deceived, he will admire their nature and tendency.

The concluding lines of the *first* book thus beautifully characterises Satan and the Messiah; the former is requesting access to the latter:

..... Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man
comes)

And talk at least, tho' I despair t' attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I did not forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His grey dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd; for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert, fowls in their clay nests were
couch'd;

And now wild beasts come forth the woods
to roam.

In the *second* book, Satan having declared...

Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain:
While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want.

Our Saviour thus emphatically replies:

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare,
more apt

To slacken virtue; and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit
praise.

What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleep-
less nights

To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies:
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves,
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error led
To know, and knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,

Governs the inner man the nobler part:
That other o'er the body only reigns;
And off by force, which to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for them-
selves,

And for thy reason why they should be
sought,

To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.

The *third* book presents the following
admirable sentiments delivered by the
Messiah to Satan, who had been boasting
of glory:—

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise un-
mix'd?

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth
the praise?

They praise and they admire they know not
what;

And know not whom, but as one leads the
other:

And what delight to be by such extal'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small
praise?

His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through
heav'n

To all his angles, who with true applause
Recounts his praises; thus he did to Job?
When to extend his fame through heav'n
and earth

(As thou to thy reproach mayst well remem-
ber)

He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of
fame.

They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquests far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles
win,

Great cities assault: What do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and en-
slave

Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave be-
hind

Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace de-
stroy;

Then swell with pride, and must be titled
gods,

Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacri-
fice;

One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,

Till conqueror death discover them scarce
men;

Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward?
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

From the *fourth* and last book we shall
select the description of the *Tempest* in the
Wilderness: it is thus energetically de-
picted:—

..... Either tropic now
'Can thunder, and both ends of heav'n. The
clouds

From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with
fire

In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep, as high and sturdiest
oaks

Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy
blasts

Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded
then,

O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken: nor yet staid the terror there;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd,
some shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while
thou

Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning
fair

Come forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the
winds,

And grisly spectres, which the fiend had
rais'd,

To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the
wet

From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the
birds,

Who all things now beheld more fresh and
green,

After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and
spray

To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Here the genius which shines through-
out almost every page of *Paradise Lost*,
breaks forth with resplendent lustre. Na-
ture is represented with exquisite faith-
fulness and beauty. The horrors of the
storm contrasted with the glories of the
succeeding morning must impress the
most obdurate heart, and delight the most
frigid imagination.

We have been the more profuse in our

quotations for the reasons already specified. And we are persuaded, that whoever takes up and peruses this valuable poem will be repaid for his labour. The justest views of human life are here delineated; false maxims are exploded, and every thing conspires to enlarge, establish, and perpetuate the empire of righteousness.

The singular origin, and also a character of this poem, shall be subjoined in the words of Bishop Newton:—

“The first thought of *Paradise Regained* was owing to Elwood, the quaker, as he himself relates the occasion in the history of his life. When Milton lent him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* at Chalfont, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him, says Elwood, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him:—“Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?” He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton shewed him his *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to him:—“This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.” It is commonly reported, that Milton himself preferred this poem to the *Paradise Lost*, but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other. For certainly it is very worthy of the author, and (contrary to what Mr. Toland relates) Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regained* as well as in *Paradise Lost*; if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it doth not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low, and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject, indeed, is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure as such little room and such scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of it is the contrast between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one, refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other.”

We conclude with the opinion of Dr. Johnson; his account of this poem is brief but expressive:

“Of *Paradise Regained* the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and every where instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of *Paradise Lost* could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of *Paradise Regained* is narrow; a dialogue without action can never please like an union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received—universal praise.”

[The justness of the following observation upon a taste for the picturesque, and the beauties of nature, need no comment from us. They are from the pencil of an acute observer; and are worthy the attention of those who can feel what they see.]

ON A TASTE FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

A GENTLEMAN, a friend of mine, who sometimes favours me with a visit, lately found me at a window that overlooks New-York-Bay and its Islands. This scene, just then, was extremely beautiful, and its beauties were heightened by a long-protracted echo, occasioned by the evening gun, fired from the ramparts of the fort on the Island. My guest took his seat by my side, and began the talk by some reflections on the picturesque. He spoke somewhat to this effect:

“The pleasure which the beauties of nature afford, are of a very pure and exalted kind. There are few cultivated minds which do not gaze upon a rural landscape, with a pleasure, higher than most of those that maybe called sensual, and many derive thence a delight bordering upon rapture; yet I have remarked that the terms by which the most ecstatic of these enthusiasts convey their notions of a scene, are strangely meagre, jejune, and vague. Persons otherwise rich in words and combinations, have frequently but one or two trite and insignificant phrases to denote all the variety of kinds of scenery, and all the degrees of pleasure which the scenery produces.

“There are some people with whom every thing is *fine*; *very fine*; *very fine indeed*. Do they eye the still expanse of a lake, *'tis very fine*, they cry. Do they look upon the falls of the Mohawk or Pataick, set off by the gloomy dignity of mists, or gilded by the farewell beam of a summer's sun, *'tis very fine* still. Do they gaze from some promontory of the Highlands on the long protracted and magnificent career of the Hudson, still they have but one dialect: O! how fine! exclaims the soft enthusiast, *'tis very fine, indeed!*

“A lady, Clara, with whom you and I are well acquainted, who has exquisite sympathies of this kind, and is not deficient in language on other subjects, can only convey her admiration by such exclamations as “Oh! it is a *sweet evening*, a *sweet moon-light*.” Does she gaze upon the sun when *his western throne is arrayed with reflected purple and gold*, she is enchanted, and cries out, when she has leisure, “Look at the *sweet, sweet clouds*, only Look, Maria!”

“She invites her friend to a romantic dwelling in the country, and talks much about a summer-house perched upon the very verge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, and is embowered by the intertwining leaves and flowers of the willow and catalpa. “Oh! Maria,” says she, “’tis a *sweet place*, I’ll assure you. The trees about it are such *sweet trees*, and the rock it stands upon! never, Maria, never saw you so *sweet a rock*,”

“Sometimes the admiring gazer sees nothing in the wide extent of nature but what is *pretty*. Such a one once confirmed a description of the wonders of Niagara, by an assenting nod, and a—“Very pretty, indeed. The very prettiest cataract I ever saw in all my travels.”

“With some people, every thing they see in the works of the grand designer, Nature, or of her human imitators, is *handsome*. “Othello is a very *handsome* composition—a very handsome piece of eloquence, that of Tully’s speech for Ligarius,” His neighbour *Whatman* gave an hundred pounds to a charity—“’Twas a very *handsome* action, to be sure.” The grandeurs of the Blue-ridge, and the solemn beauties of the Lehigh, are spoken of. “It must be owned,” says he “there are very *handsome* prospects upon that river.

“’Tis very seldom that we meet with one who occasionally diversifies his praise with all these flowers, and who distributes, with due judgment, his *handsome* skies, his *sweet* rocks, his *pretty* water-falls, and his *fine* lakes. In general, one of these terms serves all our purposes.

“This poverty and indistinctness of expression arises not from sluggish feelings, but from want of accurate conceptions. We discriminate too little between the peculiar character of different scenes. We are too seldom able to tell what it is that pleases us, or why it pleases. We distinguish not between the different emotions which scenes of different kinds produce. The gentle impulses of pleasure are confounded with the most impetuous; and that black cloud which wreaths itself round a rugged pinnacle, & inspires us with solemn

awe, is *pretty*, or *sweet*, or *fine*; just like the wide and undulating plain seen from a lofty summit, whose intermingling woods, and corn-fields, and orchards, sweetly, yet tranquilly, exhilarate the heart.

"The study of landscape, or, as some call it, *picturesque beauty*, not only furnishes distinctness, and thus multiplies and renders accurate our language, but it serves, at the same time, a much more useful purpose. It unspeakably augments and extends our pleasures. It invigorates, diversifies, and prolongs a gratification the nearest a-kin and most friendly to the ennobling and domestic virtues, of any that the senses possess. It ministers to health by strengthening the inducements to wholesome exercise and rural excursions. There is a physical delight in inhaling a pure breeze; the music of the groves is more cheaply purchased, more intimately blended with the knowledge of animated nature, more indicative of meaning (the music of birds is their language) than the senseless squeakings of the pipe, and the unintelligible murmurs of the chord. The sense of smelling is no less gratified by the aromatic exhalations of which the vegetable tribes are so liberal. A hundred other benefits, indeed, might be mentioned as flowing from, or connected with, the study of landscape; but enough has been said to establish its pre-eminence."

My companion paused here, I said to him, "How is landscape to be studied?"

"Much may be done," answered he, "by solitary efforts to analyze the scene before us, and nothing can be done without such efforts. It is likewise of great use to examine the works in this kind of celebrated painters; but that is an advantage scarcely to be hoped for by us who stay on this side of the ocean. Books are of the most use, but I know of but one writer any ways eminent for displaying the principles of landscape; I mean Mr. Gilpin, whose works ought to be perfectly familiar to every mind endowed with virtuous propensities and true taste."

"There is an other set of writers who are, in some sense, to be regarded as commentators upon Gilpin; who have travelled and written books for little other purpose than to deduce the application of the principles of this kind of beauty, and to furnish out such a set of pictures, *in words*, as Verney, Claude, and Salvator exhibited on canvases."

"Ann Radcliff is, without doubt, the most illustrious of the picturesque writers. Her *"Travels on the Rhine and in Cumberland"* is, in this view, an ineffi-

mable performance. In reading this work, the reader is surprised to find how much, in this respect, can be done by mere words, and is frequently affected in a way similar to the effect produced by the actual view. Her two last romances, *"Udolpho,"* and *"The Italian,"* are little else than series of affecting pictures, connected by a pleasing narrative, and in which human characters and figures are introduced on the same principles that place them on the canvases, to give a moral energy and purpose to the scene. This is a great and lasting excellence of her works; and, to limit the attention, as is usually done, to her human figures, is no less absurd than to look at nothing in a sea-view but the features of the pilot, and to scrutinize, in a picture of Salvator, only the hooked nose of the sybil, the sorry steed of the bandit, or the uncouth forms of the imps that hovered round St. Anthony. Yet, Mrs. Radcliff's narrative is beautiful and interesting.

"To examine with a picturesque-discerning and a cause-enquiring eye, every scene that really occurs; to ponder in like manner on the landscape of painters and picturesque travellers, many of whom delineate and describe at the same time, seems to be the best mode of opening, in your breast, this source of high and beneficial pleasures; and I advise you to begin with all speed."

"Most willingly," said I, "and, luckily, I have in the house Gilpin's work on *"Forest Scenery,"* and Beaumont's *"Travels in the Rhetion Alps."* To show my docility, I will set apart the whole of to-morrow to read these books. If Clara cannot be a painter herself, she will at least be, with regard to Nature's works, and the works of Nature's favourite disciples, a diligent

LOOKER-ON.

MR. ADDISON.

WHEN Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, but finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present: "Well, sir, what think you of this famous French author?"—"Think," replied he; "Why that a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity."—"How, sir!" said his friend, "imprison a man for singularity in writing."—"Why not," reply'd Mr. Addison, "had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favoured, I really do not understand."

New-York.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1802.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

You seem a very grave kind of man. You are, doubtless, fond of moralizing....of searching into causes that produce disquietude....and of tracing the origin of such maladies of the mind as many, very many of us possess. If this be true, I beg you will give me an attentive hearing while I relate the incidents of my last visit to Henrietta.

At Corlaers-Hock, in the vicinity of this city, is a neat mansion. It was originally intended as a summer-residence for the Orlington family; but some changes having taken place in the government of the state, the services of Mr. Orlington were dispensed with, and it has now become his fixed abode.

I have been in habits of visiting this family, and have seldom experienced more exquisite sensations than the cheerful converse of the old gentleman and his interesting daughter have inspired. Henrietta is about eighteen, tall and genteel. Her sparkling black eyes speak most eloquent; and a glance from them precludes the necessity of her voice issuing from the avenue prepared by nature.

The infirmities of Mrs. Orlington prevented her superintendence of the family; and these duties devolved, at an early age, upon Henrietta. These cares had strengthened her mind; and the instructions and gentle remonstrances of her parents, had gradually brought her (being naturally docile), to matchless perfection.

Tuesday being a walk-enticing day, I could not refrain from an excursion to Orlington-Hall. I entered, and was received with the usual politeness. The family was seated in the withdrawing room, fronting the river, and commanding an extensive view of Long-Island, &c. Henrietta gave me an arch smile, and glanced her eye at a young lady who sat next to her. I had never seen the lady, and was somewhat at a loss to divine the cause of Henrietta's significant look.

Belinda, the lady in question, I discovered to be a kinswoman of Henrietta's, and had

lately returned from Europe, where she had been in order to acquire a genteel education. Belinda, like most others who have pursued the same course, had imbibed the frivolities and extravagancies too common in the Old World. In short, she had returned a finished coquette; or, in other words, a modern fine lady. Had I not been conscious of the solidity of Henrietta's judgment, and the attention with which she listened to the precepts of her tender parents, I should have been fearful that the following expressions made use of by her friend, would tend to overthrow the noble superstructure which eighteen years had been spent in rearing. Henrietta and myself had been descanting on the pleasures of domestic life....the advantages of study....the principles necessary to be instilled into youthful minds....and had each given our opinions, at some length, on certain points which are frequently contested by the gay and grave, when Belinda replied in turn:

"Really cousin, I can't help admiring your fine pictures of life. Where did you imbibe such sentiments? In some rural grotto, no doubt. Alas! child, you know little of the pleasures of the world. You have spent all your days in one place, and have never had an opportunity of witnessing the splendour of St. James's on her Majesty's birth-day. You have never been selected as the partner of my Lord Fribble, in a ball-room, containing a thousand persons. You never had a *gracious look* from the Princesses Sophia and Amelia. You have never visited an Italian court, and received the *marked attention* of the noblemen and gentry....nor been a witness of their *uncommon politeness* to others. You never was at the palace of Charles IV. and observed the mildness and delicacy of the Prince of Peace. When you have once tasted of these pleasures, and partook of these scenes, Henrietta, I will do you the justice to say, that your romantic ideas of domestic happiness will vanish, and that wondrous portion of heart-rending sensibility give place to courtly etiquette and fashionable gallantry. For my part, I cannot content myself in this uncouth residence any longer. I propose returning to Europe in the coming autumn; and you, my dear Henrietta, may be my companion if you please. In London, Queen of cities, every thing can be purchased that may be neces-

sary for your appearance in public; and the haberdashers of Bond-street shall smile at your ENTRANCE ON TO GREATNESS. As it will not be easy for you to forget books altogether, I will occasionally accompany you to the shops in the Strand, the Poultry, and St. Paul's church-yard, where you may fatigue yourself in LOOKING at them, which I am sure is quite sufficient for any lady of taste and fashion. Another very essential advantage I had forgot to inform you of. If your resources should not always be equal to your wants, you can have recourse to PLAY, which is a never-failing source, and will always yield funds in abundance. If, however, you should be unfortunate, MOSES or MORDECAI are always at hand. In short, Henrietta, you will be the idol of the beaux....the envy of the belles....the immortalizer of your family....and a pattern for our sex."

She then addressed herself to me, and our dialogue lasted till the carriage was called to carry me to town. She rallied me on every side....accused me of a want of gallantry....and imputed my maxims of prudence to causes which might not be proper to make public. I returned home....entered my chamber....and buried myself in contemplation. My God, thought I, how different are thy creatures! this woman's greatest happiness would be misery to me! Her very person would disgust me should I again behold her.

OBSERVER.

[We extract the following witticisms from the *Philadelphia Repository*, and regret there is so much truth in the remarks. The Philadelphia papers teem with such lashes; but the ladies are impenetrable. "Conscious rectitude" is ever in the mouth of "Lewdness;" but this barrier cannot impede men's thoughts. Propriety is violated; and this is enough to soil the fair sheet of virgin innocence. To the honour of the ladies of New-York, we can assert, that all these remarks will not apply to them.]

Camp of Venus March 1, 1802.

GENERAL ORDERS.

WHEREAS, the province of *Fashion*, be longing to our Royal demesne, being at this time invaded by our mortal enemies the *Wantons**, who have stormed the fort of *Modesty*, and trodden under foot the standard of *Shame*, have erected on its ruins the banners of *Impudence*....and fearing our holy temple of *Chastity* may be raised to the level of *Lewd-*

ness, and understanding that General *Nakedness*† having broken his neutrality, and gone over to the enemy, and that he has erected in many parts of the country such enormous *Breast-works*‡ as was never before seen... we command all our forces to parade immediately, properly armed and accoutred, with squibs, pasquinades, &c. and to cut, fell, root out, and destroy the said *Breast-works*, and to annoy the enemy as much as possibleShould that immodest general sound a retreat, we command our band called the *Bashfuls*, to pursue him to capitulation. and that he may be banished to the desert of *Darkness*, and be kept confined to the chamber of *Matrimony*.||

CUPID, *Generalissimo*.

SANCHO, *Secretary*.

* Alluding to the present wanton dress of many young ladies.

† Naked breasts are now the rage.

‡ Fals breasts!—Tea Cups! &c.

|| A place we are much afraid our fashionable belles will be debared from, by a premature exhibition of those charms which nature intended never to be exposed any where else. By this mistaken conduct many young ladies are fast finking themselves in the esteem of the other sex.

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.

COWPER.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. THOMAS ARDEN, of this city, Bookseller, to Miss ALICE GIVEN, daughter of Robert Given, Esq. of that place.

DIED,

At Derby in Connecticut, in Sept. last, Mrs. HANNAH CLARK æt. 91. The lineal descendants of this lady, were 333, viz. ten children, sixty-two grand children, two hundred and forty-two great grand children, and nineteen great great grand children! She was borne to her tomb by ten of her great grand children, and a large number of her descendants followed as mourners. Among the numerous branches which sprung from her, all were perfect as to bodily form. To the close of her life her company was the delight of the old and the young, the serious and the gay. Having faithfully discharged the duties of life, and deeply impressed with the truths of religion, she died as she lived, satisfied and happy.

Parnassian Garland.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF ANACREON.

MASTER of the Rhodian art,
Sketch the goddess of my heart :
From her vot'ry's tongue prepare
To paint the lovely absent fair.
First her hair of lovely brown,
Softer than the cygnet's down ;
Then, if paint so fine be found,
Sketch the odours breathing round :
Next one beauteous cheek display,
Where her glossy ringlets play ;
O'er her iv'ry brow descending,
Light and shade so sweetly blending ;
Then her eye-brows trace with art,
Mingle not, nor wholly part ;
Follow Nature's nice design,
Looking close they faintly join.
Let each silken eye-lash show
Long and dark, in even row.
May some god thy hand inspire
To give her eye its wonted fire,
Blue as her's who sprung from Jove,
Melting as the Queen's of love.
Tinge with milk her lovely cheek,
Where transparent roses break ;
Paint her lips, Persuasion's seat,
Breathing love, and kisses sweet ;
Then her neat-turn'd chin unite
To a neck of Parian white.
Let each downy Grace be seen
Sporting round their smiling queen :
Clothe her in a purple vest ;
Yet so lightly be she drest,
Her wanton robe may oft reveal
Charms 'twas fashioned to conceal.
Hold!—'tis she herself I see!
Picture! canst thou speak to me?

ON AN UNFORTUNATE CLERGYMAN.

HARD is the lot of those unhappy few
Born in the glare of fortune's faithless
gleam,
To loll i' the lap of opulence and shew,
And drink of pleasure's soft luxuriant
stream.
Then forc'd to quit that soft, that blooming
mead,
For bleak misfortune's wild and thorny
waste ;
How dark, how dismal seems the gloomy
shade!
How piercing feels misfortune's bitter
blast!
What earthly charm can give that soul relief,
Or sooth the raging of misfortune's smart?
For hard's the task to stem the tide of grief,
And stop the bleeding of a wounded heart!
This Hadley knew, who trod this weary wild,
Where cares and tears perplex the thorny
ground ;
Born in the sunshine of life's sweetest smile,
And doom'd to expire beneath its darkest
frown.

Not all the gifts that nature could impart,
Not all the sweets that from religion flow,
Could sooth my injur'd Hadley's wounded
smart.

He droop'd beneath the bitter tide of woe.
Slowly and solemn, to yon rustic fane
Was borne his mournful and lamented bier ;
While sober Grief o'ercast the pensive plain,
And soft-ey'd Pity shed a streaming tear.
And may Ingratitude's unalter'd eye,
Now bathe his urn with a relenting tear.
May Pride, may Grandeur, heave the con-
scious sigh,
And strew with flow'rets his untimely bier.
When Fortune smil'd then ev'ry scene was
gay ;
Fame, wealth, and honour, then were all
his own :
His foes stood mute—and, each returning
day,
Unnumber'd hearts his social friendship
won. H. C.

ODE TO GOOD HUMOUR.

Good-humour, hail! thou nymph divine!
Thou pleasing influence ne'er resign,
But still reign in my heart.
Should pale-ey'd Grief my peace annoy,
Should disappointments damp my joy,
Thy cheering aid impart.
Oh! listen to thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Thou friend to mirth, thou foe to care,
Thou goddess blithe and free!
A balm for woe thou'rt surely giv'n.
Hail! lovely fair, of bounteous Heav'n
The fairest progeny.
Long hast thou reign'd within my breast :
Still deign to be my bosom's guest ;
Oh! never from me fly.
Sweet nymph, still aid me with thy pow'r ;
Oh! deign to bless each future hour,
Nor quit me till I die.

ELIZA. N.

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER, NEAR
HER FATHER'S VILLA.

WHILE these close walls her beauties hide,
For whose dear sake forlorn I rove,
On the clear stream's opposing side
The Muse shall wail my helpless love.
My love!—which nothing can outvie,
Which never shall a period know ;
Ye breezes tell her as ye fly,
Ye waters bear it as ye flow.
And though (by adverse friends confin'd)
The yielding fair I vainly crave,
Oh bring her murmurs, gentle wind,
Her image, every passing wave!
Ah no! ye winds, her sighs conceal,
Nor you, ye waves, reflect her face,
Lest Æolus my passion feel,
And Neptune sue for her embrace.

Small need ye should her accents bear,
Or to my view her form impart,
Whose voice dwells ever on my ear,
Whose image ever in my heart.

ELLEN.

SCENE—CANADA IN NORTH-AMERICA.

SOL, enthron'd in clouds cerulean,
Ting'd the west with purple hue,
And the white bird so sweetly singing
Bade retiring day adieu.

On a bank, beside whose margin
Fam'd Ontario's waters roll,
Ellen, beauteous maid, reclining,
Sought to ease her troubled soul.

Loosely flow'd her auburn tresses,
Sporting with the balmy gales,
Whilst her tender lover's absence
Thus she secretly bewails :—

"Dearest lord of my affections!
"Cease, Oneyo, cease to roam ;
"O ye calm pellucid waters!
"Bring the gallant chieftain home.

"When will his canoe, Ontario,
"Scud along thy silvery tide?
"When wilt thou, belov'd Oneyo!
"In thy native soil reside?

"Long hath mighty Areskoui*
"Made thy breast with anger swell,
"And Quintuno's snow-capt mountains
"Echoed with thy warlike yell.

"Can it glad me, when the English
"Fall beneath thy quivering spear?
"I myself was born a Briton,
"And the English name revere.

"Sweet to me is yon Savannah,
"With perennial flowers array'd ;
"Sweet my grot, where pendant branches
"Form an intermingling shade.

"Sweet yon wood, whence plummy songsters,
"Liquid notes at distance swell ;
"Sweet my cottage, where contentment,
"Gentle goddess, loves to dwell.

"But not e'en yon wide Savannah,
"Nor my grotto, cool retreat,
"Verdant wood, nor tranquil cottage,
"Are without thy presence sweet.

"Dearest lord of my affections!
"Cease, Oneyo, cease to roam ;
"O ye calm pellucid waters!
"Bring the gallant chieftain home."

C.

* Areskoui, or the god of war, is revered as
the great God of the Indians.—GUTHRIE.

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